

A POEM on the late Violent Storm,

The 26th of November. 1703.

By S. W. Gent.

O Great *Jehovah*! Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
Who giv'st all Creatures their Vivifick Breath,
Assist thy Meanest Servant to Rehearse
Some of thy Wonders in Unerring Verse,
Instruct my Heart, and Guide my feeble Pen,
T'explain thy *Power* unto the Sons of Men;
For Thou, O Lord, 'tis only Thou dost know
Whence the Winds come, whither, and why, they blow:
(Some say *Magicians* with their Charms can bind
Or loose th' impetuous Fury of the Wind;
But this *Hypothesis* is false and vain,
And 'tis absurd such Errors to maintain;
For spight of all their Conjurat[i]on,
No Wind will stir, or quit its Station)
'Tis only God th' Almighty Lord alone
Who Rules the Winds, the Blessed Three in One,
Him they Obey, and at his Dread Command
Their Blust'ring Fury Roars throughout the Land,
And the Vast Ocean Rages on the Sand.
Great was the Terror of that Dismal Night,
Which Trembling Mortals from their Beds did Fright;
Alarm'd by Noise of rattling Tiles and Bricks,
Th' Amazed Penitent for Shelter seeks;
And when the Day appear'd, the welcome Morn,
Thousands of Chimneys were from Houses torn,
And Dreadful Shipwrecks on the Floods were born;
Th' Aspiring Sturdy Trees were Prostrate found,
And Lofty Fabricks tumbled on the Ground;
Those that yet stand, by their poor Shatter'd Roof
Shew the Spectators they're not Tempest proof;
Many were kill'd, and their expiring Breath
Was forc'd to yield to this resistless Death;
The Storm was Dreadful, and the Devastation
Was almost e'rywhere throughout the Nation.
O Lord! How Terrible thy *Judgments* are
Whene'er thou Strik'st by *Famine*, *Plague*, or *War*,
Or any other Scourge that's in thy Hand
To punish a Rebellious Sinful Land?

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Millions

Millions of *Angels* on thy Pleasure wait,
 And what thou bidd'st 'em do, they ne'er delay't;
 Thy *Wisdom, Justice, Power, Mercy, and Love,*
 Govern all things on Earth, and Heav'n above:
Fire and Air, the Earth and Sea,
 Do thy Almighty Word Obey;
 So did this Furious Tempest's Rage,
 No *Power* but Thine could it Assuage;
 And when 'thad done thy Sacred Will,
 Its Fury ceas'd, and it was still.
Thunder and Lightning, Snow and Hail,
 By thy Appointment still prevail,
 And to perform Thy Will ne'er fail.
Earthquakes and Whirlwinds at Thy Call
 Rush out, Destroy, and Devour, All.
 The *Mountains* Skip, the *Floods* Rejoice,
 The *Hills and Vales* attend Thy Voice.
 At Thy Command the *Moon, the Sun,*
 And *Wandering Stars,* their Courses run.
Summer and Winter, Night and Day,
 Do Thy Almighty *Power* Display;
 These yield Obedience to Thy Will,
 And all thy 'stablish'd Laws fulfil,
 But Stubborn Man's *Rebellious* still.
 Man for whom his Saviour dy'd
 A painful Death, and dying Cry'd
 With Anguish on the Dolorous Tree,
My God; my God, why'st thou forsaken me?
 Christians be wise, let's all Repent,
 That we our Ruin may prevent;
 Repent betimes, whilst we have Breath;
 There's no Repentance after Death
 Will us avail, or stop the Rod
 Of a Revenging, Angry, GOD;
 Whom let's Invoke with Prayers and Tears;
 That He would dissipate our Fears,
 That He'd Avert His Judgments Sore,
 From this our Isle, let's Him Implore,
 His *Mercies* are for evermore,
 To those who His Commands Obey,
 And from His Righteous Laws ne'er Stray:
 Let's turn to Him whilst Time we have,
 For there's no turning in the Grave;
 And from our Sins He will us Save.
 To Him alone all Praise be giv'n,
 Who Rules on *Earth, in Hell, and Heav'n.*

Hallelujah.